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Mrs. Crusoe's  
Moods

By George Winthrop

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"I might swim for it," suggested Tucker with the accent of one who knows the impracticability of what he suggests.

"You might fly for it," retorted Nan Carroll, "for all the good it would do. You should have tied the boat."

"You forget," he pleaded, "that I only came last night and have not yet had opportunity to become familiar with the tide here. How was I to know that you had a regular Bay of Fundy tide here?"

"If you knew as much about geography as you do about some things," he hinted darkly, "you would know that this is the Bay of Fundy tide. It doesn't come in as a tidal wave, but it rises as high."

"If I ever get back to Lubec," he groaned, "I'll get a coast survey map and won't go for a row without it."

"It," she quoted, "Why, we've simply got to get back to Lubec. What will they think at the hotel if we don't?"

"They'll think we have eloped," he responded cheerfully. "It wouldn't be such a bad fate."

"Each for himself," she cried angrily, stamping a tiny foot. "I believe you did it on purpose."

"If you were as hungry as I am," he pleaded, "you'd never believe that."

Suddenly reminded that she herself was famished, Miss Carroll sat down on a convenient rock and began to cry softly, a proceeding which served to intensify Tucker's discomfort. He glanced ruefully at the canoe fast disappearing on the tide and scanned the shore to see if it offered any hope. Apparently they were as thoroughly lost as though they were on an island in the Pacific instead of three miles from a summer resort. It was Tucker's first experience with a land where they built steamship docks two stories high because of the fall of the tide from the Bay of Fundy, and he had supposed that when he had



"ARE YOU MAN FRIDAY?" DEMANDED NAN, drawn the canoe well up on the shelving bank the long rope in the bow could not possibly be needed.

Now that the damage was done, it was useless to worry about it. The next thing to do was to seek some means of escape. He turned to Nan, who was still sobbing, though every moment anger at Dave's apparent neglect replaced her fearful thoughts. Having got her into all this trouble, the least he could do would be to try and comfort her.

He threw himself down beside her. "Nan, dear," he cried, "don't take it so to heart! It will come out all right if I have to swim over to the mainland and steal a boat."

She rose in all her five feet five of injured dignity. "I do not see, Mr. Tucker," she said coldly, "that the situation should permit the levity you assume. It may be all right for you, but a woman's fair name!" Her sobbing broke forth afresh at the thought of what might be said.

Tucker but added fuel to the flame when he protested. "We are as good as engaged, Nan. I don't see what there is to worry so much about. We can attract some boat's attention before it gets too dark anyway."

"We are as good as engaged," she protested. "We never will be engaged. I don't care what happens, I'll never marry you."

"What's the use of taking on so?" he demanded. "You told me last winter that at the end of the season you thought—"

"Do you suppose I thought then that I'd think what I think now?" she cried hysterically. "Do you suppose that I imagined that you would abduct me to a desert island to force me to marry you? Never!"

Wisdom coming to him, Tucker said never a word, but let the fit of hysterics wear away. In the meantime he improvised a signal with his white "annel coat and a branch. This looked more promising to Miss Carroll, and she was even smiling as she came toward him. "It's all right, Dave," she said as she stood beside the signal. "And you will marry me?" he asked

eagerly, his hand reverting to her last hysterical declaration.

"I knew that was what it was," she biased forth. "Don't you dare come near me." She seated herself a hundred yards away, and for another twenty minutes Dave reflected upon the uncertainty of women in general and of the woman he loved in particular.

For want of better occupation he searched along the shore for clams, finding a few, but deciding after one taste that it would be better to look for berries. It was too late for berries apparently, and there was another pause and reflection. He had just decided that it was as well that Nan Carroll should not marry him when that changeable young woman plumped herself down upon the moss beside him.

"Why don't you talk?" she asked cheerfully. "It's awfully lonesome around here."

Tucker gasped, but for a moment he did not dare speak. When he found words it was of casual affairs he spoke, not of himself nor of their predicament, and presently they were chatting as merrily as though there had been none of the stormy scenes of the afternoon.

They were still talking when of a sudden they heard footsteps behind them, and they sprang to their feet.

Just behind them was a tall, clerical man in blue overalls and checked calico jumper.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said quizzically.

"Are you Man Friday?" demanded Nan. "You see we are Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Crusoe, and our boat is wrecked, or at least I hope it is," she amended viciously.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Crusoe," he said, falling in with her humor. "I am the Rev. Philip Hardiman of Boston, summing on this island with my family."

Nan gasped. "Why didn't you think of looking to see if there was any one living here?" she demanded of Dave.

"You told me it was deserted," he said defensively. "and I supposed you knew. I only came last night," he added in explanation to the clergyman.

"Mrs. Crusoe forgot to tell me about the tide, and the boat floated away."

"Come over and have tea," suggested the clergyman hospitably. "and I have a boat that will take you over to the hotel."

He strode off, leading the way, and Nan and Dave followed. Once or twice she hummed softly to herself, and Dave could have sworn it was the wedding music from "Lohengrin." At last, as he was helping her over a rock which barred her path, she held his hand in hers as she lightly dropped beside him.

"Dave," she whispered, "didn't he say he was a clergyman?"

Dave nodded. "The Rev. Philip Hardiman," he affirmed.

"We could fool that gossiping crowd, pretending we did it on purpose." More than ever Dave marveled at the ways of woman, but they were married before supper, for Dave explained to the clergyman that he was afraid she might change her mind again.

## Old Phil Knew a Hog.

P. D. Armour the first never bothered himself over the selection of Christmas presents for men in his employ. His invariable expression of good will was a suit of clothes, and some of his men had new suits every Christmas. One year he asked all the men in the office of one branch of his business to order suits and send the bills to him. Most of them contented themselves with good business clothes, but one young man decided to adorn himself sumptuously at Mr. Armour's expense. He ordered himself a frock coat, waistcoat and trousers that set his employer back near a hundred dollars. Mr. Armour paid the bill, and then he sent for the brash Solomon in all his glory.

"I have decided to dispense with your services," he said. "You have evidently misjudged me. I should think you would have known that I've been in the packing business too long not to know a hog when I see one."—Washington Post.

## The Evolution of a Name.

Two men who happened to be journeying across a western state in the same railway train became so well acquainted with each other that when they neared the station where one of them was to get off they expressed their mutual pleasure at having met and exchanged business cards.

One of the cards bore this inscription: "Geoffrey D'Arnell, Attorney at Law, Williamville, O."

"Williamville?" said the other man. "Why, I lived in that town when I was a boy!"

"Well, that is a coincidence! I was born there and have lived there all my life."

"I used to play with a boy named Jeff Darnell. Maybe you know him."

"Why—er—I ought to know him," said the other, looking somewhat confused. "That was my name. Sorry I can't talk to you longer. This is my destination. Goodby."

## A Grim Tragedy.

Is daily enacted, in thousands of homes, as Death claims, in each one, another victim of Consumption or Pneumonia. But what Coughs and Colds are properly treated, the tragedy is averted. F. G. Huntley of Oaklandon, Ind., writes: "My wife had the consumption, and three doctors gave her up. Finally she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which cured her, and today she is well and strong." It kills the germs of all diseases. One dose relieves. Guaranteed at 50c and \$1 by Chas. Rogers, druggist. Trial bottle free.

**A Canada Critic.**  
Author—Is it true that you say my latest is the worst book I ever wrote? Critical Acquaintance—Nonsense, my dear fellow. What I said was that it was the worst book anybody ever wrote; not you in particular.

**A Narcotic.**  
Teacher—Give me a familiar instance of a narcotic. (Pupil hesitates.) Teacher—What does your father smoke in his pipe? Pupil—Mother says it smells like bayseed, but I guess it's leather.

## HEAD SOLID SORE

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"I herewith write out in full the beginning and end of that terrible disease eczema," says Mrs. Wm. Ryer, Elk River, Minn., "which caused my babe untold suffering and myself many sleepless nights. My babe was born seemingly a fair, healthy child, but when she was three weeks old a swelling appeared on the back of her head, and in course of time broke. It did not heal but grew worse, and the sore spread from the size of a dime to that of a dollar. I used all kinds of remedies that I could think of, but nothing seemed to help; in fact, it grew worse. Her hair fell out where the sore was, and I feared it would never grow again. It continued until my aged father came on a visit, and when he saw the babe he told me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment right away.

"To please him I did so, and to my surprise by their use the sore began to heal over, the hair grew over it, and to-day she has a nice head of hair, her skin is as fair as a lily, and she has no scar left to recall that awful sore, and it is over eight months and no sign of its returning."

## CURE PERMANENT

"Your letter of the 19th inst. received, asking in regard to the cure of my baby some six years ago. Well, the disease has never returned to her head which at that time was a solid sore on top and down the back." Mrs. Wm. RYER, Elk River, Minn. Feb. 25, 1903.

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